His *Wiſdom*, ſtrongeſt Guardian of his Reign,
Might almoſt make his *Naval Thunders* vain;
And of *itſelf* pull down the Pride of *Spain*.
'Tis *this*, that guileful *Gallia* beſt ſhall Rule,
And make both K——g and C——l a Fool.
'Tis *this*, ſays ſmiling Fame, ſhall lead the Way
For *D*---- *B*——*a* to th' Imperial Sway;
'Tis *this*, ſhall direful Diſcord cauſe to ceaſe,
And lull the weary World to Reſt and Peace.

That, in theſe *ſober* Numbers, thus I ſing
Th' unrivall'd Wiſdom of *Britannia*'s *King*,
Impute to this ſoft, temp'rate, purple Sky,
Where, *fearleſs* that our Wings ſhou'd burn, we fly;
Tho' we've oft fear'd it, ſince this Flight we rais'd,
While, where we flew, ten Thouſand Suns have blaz'd.

But now 'tis Time to meaſure back the Way,
We've voyag'd thro' this vaſt Ætherial Sea.
Goddeſs! be thou my Guide, be thou mine Eye,
My little, native, diſtant World to ſpy,
Compar'd to what *we've ſeen*, in Truth no more
Than the leaſt Grain upon the ſandy Shore.

BRITISH 12 JU 93 MUSEUM

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THE PAMPHLETEERS:

A

SATYR.

Semper ego Auditor tantum?

LONDON,

Printed in the Year 1703.

Next Week will be Publiſh'd Francion's *Comical Romance, Tranſlated by ſeveral Hands.*

THE

PAMPHLETEERS.

A

SATYR.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Semper ego Auditor tacitus?

LONDON

Printed in the Year 1703.

THE Pamphleteers. A SATYR.

THO' *William* was the Care of Providence,
And Guardian Angels watch'd in his Defence,
Sav'd Him from treach'rous Arts in ev'ry Shape;
Yet after Death his Aſhes can't ſcape:
His Aſſaſſins their Principles retain,
Their Malice and inveterate Hate remain.
At His moſt Sacred Part the Villains aim,
And daily practice Murder on his Fame.
With Coward Hoof the Braying Aſſes ſpurn,
The Lions Tombe, and trample on his Urn.

Good God! ſhou'd we look back ſome Years ago,
Review the horrid Scene of *England*'s Woe:

Behold a King, whoſe Soul a Woman's Pride,
And th' Artful Zeal of ſubtle Prieſts divide!
See, how all labours for the Holy Cauſe,
T' inſlave this Iſland, and ſubvert its Laws.
What mighty Miſchiefs did their Rage create!
What ſad Diſtraction both in Church and State!

A numerous Army's rais'd to lead the Way
To *Rome*'s proud Yoak, and Arbitary Sway:
Their cruel Threatnings rack the Peoples Ears,
And fill the Land with more than Pannick Fears.
Charters are loſt, your Schools in Popiſh *Pow'r*,
The Teſt forgot, our Biſhops in the Tow'r,
France is intruſted with your Liberty,
With your Religion, Pious *Italy*.

Such was poor *Albion*'s Caſe, when *William* came,
Reſcu'd our Iſle from the devouring Flame,
And by that Deed got an Eternal Name.
In Winter Seaſon, when the Gallick Pow'r
Prepar'd for War, and threatned every Hour,
His unprovided Country to invade,
Then brought that Prince his Forces to our Aid.

But

But on Tempeſtuous Seas his Ships are toſt,
Some ſhatter'd, others on the Sands are loſt:
Forc'd back himſelf, part of his Fleet he views,
And of the reſt with patience waits the News.
Now Jeſuits their keeneſt Satyr vent,
And Crowing *France* Laughs at the mad Deſcent.
But Vertue in Misfortunes ſhines the more,
The Prince goes on, as he reſolv'd before:
His Friends diſſuade the Voyage, but in vain,
He ventures on the inconſtant Waves again:
And Starleſs Nights, with former Loſſes joyn'd,
Cannot divert the Hero's ſteady Mind.

Leſs Obſtacles had daunted *Hannibal*,
Yet *William* dar'd and overcome 'em all.
Whilſt on the Attempt vain Politicians gaz'd,
The Work was done, and *Europe* ſtood amaz'd.
He reap'd the Glory, we the Benefit,
But oh! how ſoon can *Engliſh* Men forget?

So far from Gratitude, that, to our ſhame,
They date in open Streets Lampoon his Name.
And, where they ſhould Immortal Trophies raiſe,
There rob his Honour, and detract his Praiſe.

What has he done? Has he betray'd his Truſt?
Was he not Pious, Merciful, and Juſt?
Which were the Crimes of his Inglorious Reign?
Can y' of his Sloth or Luxury complain?
What mighty Pleaſures did divide his Years?
The ſofteſt Seaſons ſtill imploy'd in Wars;
The other's ſpent in ſtriving to Appeaſe
A grumbling Nation that was ne'er at eaſe.

Compare but with the gaudy Crown he wore
A tenth part of th' Indignities he bore,
You'll find his Patience far out-ſhine the Toy,
And much more cauſe for Grief, than real Joy.
Nor was't his fault, that all incroaching *France*
Grew to ſuch heighth in our Luxurious Reigns;
No Ships nor Timber are to *Lewis* ſent,
Nor Cities ſold in *William*'s Government.

But he rous'd *Europe* from its Lithargy;
He was the first that drew for Liberty.
The Valiant King, when with inferior Force,
He could not Conquer, stopt the Tyrant's Course.
And tho' he ne'er with equal Numbers fought,
What e'er they got from him was dearly bought.

Yet in his Reign our Martial Honour's lost;
Tho' *Lewis* knows the Falshood to his cost,
Who can such damn'd injurious Lyes endure?
Where was it, at the *Boyn*, or at *Namur*?
Or would the *French* a Naval Triumph boast,
When at *la Hague* their Fleet Burnt on their Coast?
Tell m' in what place was th' *English* Honour staind;
Or in whose Time the Soldiers better train'd?

In Front of Battle, and the foremost Fire,
Whence it's no shame for Gen'rals to retire;
There *William* used to lead, and he was Brave
That follow'd but th' Examples which he gave.

There shew'd our Hero, charging thro' the Flame,
His daring Host, the rugged Path to Fame.

Perhaps some think they write to grieve his Friends;
But no, their Slander aims at higher ends:
The Snake is hid, their Venom is not thrown
On the Dead King, 'tis levell'd at the Crown:
Under pretence of railing at his Grants,
They vent their Spleen against all Protestants.
First on th' Stage th' unhappy *James* they bring,
That Just, that Meek, Provok'd, and Injur'd King:
To all which Praises nothing shall be said,
It is inhuman to attack the Dead.

Next, of the Revolution they complain,
Dwell on its Hardships in a mighty strain;
If to Her Majesty that Theme be meant,
They're no great Courtiers by their Compliment.
Did not our Queen the Revolution own?
Confirm'd its Justice when She took the Crown?

Then

Then come the Millions, which are call'd mispent,
Ill-manag'd by a greedy Government.
Why did the Nation those vast Sums advance,
But to protect us against *Rome*, and *France*?
If that be done, as 'tis, and we enjoy
Our dear Religion, Laws, and Liberty,
Secur'd from Popish and Tyrannick Sway,
The Money's well employ'd, not thrown away:
If some converted it to private Use,
Let them be Punish'd for the vile Abuse.
Then with fair Words they sooth the Soveraign,
And, whilst great *William*'s Conduct they Arraign,
Prefer to all his Deeds the last Campaign.
They learnedly expound the difference
Between a Choice, and an Inheritance:
Then add what inward Grief they felt to see,
How much She suffer'd in her Family.
Lastly, t' exclude the House of *Hanover*,
In Wrath th' exclaim against a Foreigner.
What can those Authors by those Pamphlets mean,
But that they're Traitors, and they'll tell the Queen?

'Tis true, they name not whom they'd have to Reign;
But with broad signs they point to St. *Germain*.

Is't possible, such Profligates, as dare
So openly for Popery declare,
Whose Lives in Irreligious Acts are spent,
Should rail at those, that from our Church dissent.
Our Animosities are like to end,
When such as these our sacred Rites defend:
Why are they suffered, mad with fumes of Wine,
T' employ themselves in Matters so Divine?
Let Pious Men direct our Consciences,
That Gracious Heav'n the good Design may bless.
Who would expect the pamper'd Priests of *Baal*,
Should save Religion, that have none at all?

For shame give o'er, leave snarling at the Great,
You but expose your Folly, and your Hate.
Go to the Mushroom King that *Lewis* made,
Tell him how much in his behalf y'have said:
But that King *William* is above your reach,
And few admire the Doctrine which you Preach.

Your toothleſs Malice cannot hurt his Name,
Nor empty Noiſe drown his immortal Fame.

As long in *Europe* valiant Men are bred,
And the Heroick Deeds of Kings are read;
Whilſt Prudence, Truth, and Honeſty ſurvive,
So long ſhall *William* and his Actions Live.
His Courage fam'd, his Glorious Speeches be
Patterns of Wiſdom, and of Piety.
Whilſt in this Iſle a Proteſtant ſhall Reign,
And *Rome*'s intriguing Prieſts ſhall Plot in vain;
Whilſt Vertue dwells amongſt us, ſhall his Duſt
Smell fragrant, and be honour'd by the Juſt.
You, above all, dread QUEEN, who piouſly
Have paid ſuch Rev'rence to his Memory;
Who took his Meaſures, when your Reign began,
You never can forget the Glorious Man.
Pardon, that whilſt we Praiſe your gentle Sway,
We ev'n for that ſome Thanks his Aſhes pay.
May Heaven your ſacred ſelf, and Conſort Crown
With all the Bleſſings that can crowd a Throne:

Grant